

The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

A Male and Female Red Warmus on their Wedding Tour.

They visit Parkersburg and sit for a Pen Picture from the editor of the News.

The train from Grafton due here at 11 40, A. M., under the management of that gentlemanly, amiable, popular and efficient conductor, Captain Scott, a few days since stopped at one of the way stations, to take on a couple newly married. Both were young and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of western Virginia, neither of them had ever been fifty miles away from home. They had heard of railways, locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the afore mentioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event in their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that portion of it known as Parkersburg. No wonder they were amazed and delighted when the locomotive, steaming and snorting, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it hove in sight.

"These your trunks?" said the baggage master.

"Well, I sorter calkilate them's 'em," said Jeems.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old fashioned valise,) were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be durned ef railroads aint a fine thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage and carefully holding up the tails of his light bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust—"Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage man, "you are in the wrong car."

"The h—I am! D'de 'sposse I don't know what I'm about? These is my traps, and I calkilate to stay where they ar.—Keep quiet Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through the world any how, and if that chap with the cap on, wants anything, why, I'm his man. Don't want any of yer foolin' round me!"

Here the Captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the Captain.—What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car into which he was ushered. His imagination had never in its wildest flights pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jewhilkens! What in thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch-fork to make him go along," said a sleepy individual, just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems, "I 'low you think I'm a durned fool; may be I am, but there's some things I know, and one of 'em is, you'll get your mouth broke, if ye don't keep it shut. I don't say much"—just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then was heard a scream, almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy looking individual: "we're all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of this gentlemen in black, who tends the big fire down below."

"O Lord! Jeems what will become of us? I felt skeery about gettin' on the outlandish thing, at first."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin' won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer now's your time to say it for both of us."

"What's the matter here?" said the astounded conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite Captain. "How far are you going?"

"Wall, reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your tickets, if you please."

"Sartinly, Lize you got some with you? Let this gent look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and with a smile, handed it to our friend the Captain, who read:

* * * * *
The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited.
* * * * *

"What's this?" said the Captain.

"Why, that's one of the tickets to our wedding; that's what you asked for, haint it?" said the somewhat surprised Jeems.

"Whaw! haw! haw! haw! haw! "was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy looking individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the Captain, as he explained his meaning to our

verdant friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on towards its destination.

But wonders did not cease here—presently our pert newsboy, Billy, entered the car, and stepping up to Jeems, he asked—

"Have a Sun, sir?"

"Wal, ef I have my way about it, the first one will be a son, sartin," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched!" said Billy, as he hastened on to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot in this city. Amidst confusion of strange noises, and a babble of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Buss sah? Buss sah—free for de United States?" said the sable porter of our up town house. "Lady take a buss, sah?"

"Wal, I rather 'sposse she wont from any body but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to de Swann House, sah? right cross de street—best house in de city.—This way, sah!—any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of the comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment, the Swann House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jeems had coat and boots off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"Thats a duced purty torsel," said Jeems eyeing the bell cord, "wonder what its fur," catching hold of it, look, how it works up there on some sort of thingumbob. I'd like to have that torsel to put on my horse's head next muster day; see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry of "Ring, sah?"

"Ring, ring what? you black ape! ef you don't quit looking at my wife and make yourself scarce, I'll wring your head off."

"Stop a minute," said Lize. "What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Conley, marm."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixins on our account, for we're plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debating society, interrupted Jeems, I will amend that motion, by saying you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got. I'm able to pay for it and don't keer fur expenses."

"Tee hee! Tee hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights until supper time, which being over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a bright quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away and quiet reigned in the Swann House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas.—Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas. The guests (some of them) woke up and smelt gas. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. Clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there?" came from the inside.

"Open the door! the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas?" said Jeems, opening the door.

"Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played h—!" Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering there was a lady in the case, or in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning as follows:

"You see this little thing here? well when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know the darned stuff was scapin'?" responded Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" said the clerk.

"Pears to me I did smell sumthin," said Jeems. "But Lize I'll be durned ef I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you that smelt that way all the time. I was jest a wonderin' ef all men smelt that way. It 'peared strange, but then I never slept with a man afore or behind either, and didn't know nothin' about it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap.

The red in our Clerk's face grew smiling-

ly redder, as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lured in the corner of his eye, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and all was still.

Beautiful Snow.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing.

Fitting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flinging to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, as gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing.

Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes away along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye:
Ringing.

Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in the mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be soiled, to be spit on and beat:
Plending.

Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face;
Father,

Mother,
Sisters, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too high;
For all that is on or above me, I know,
There is nothing that's purer as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,

Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

The Bachelor.

One night, while I lay sleeping,
I had a dream of joy.
I thought I had a charming wife
And darling little boy.

O! who in this wide world was there
More happy than myself—
Possessed of such a lovely wife
And prattling little elf.

I loved, and hugged and kissed them,
I almost eat them whole,
But my little boy got angry,
And my wife began to scold.

The noise grew loud and louder;
The babe began to claw;
I hugged it all the tighter—
I thought it loved its Pa.

My child was still uneasy,
My wife began to weep,
And soon a scream terrific
Awoke me from my sleep.

My face was scratched to pieces—
Plague on that little brat;
For my wife she was a pillow,
My baby was—a CAT.

It is a fact that a man might go into Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, or any despotic government and use language directed against the heads of those governments, or against the governments themselves, with impunity, that he would not dare to use in the Southern States directed against the institution of slavery. This is a significant fact.

Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.

'Tis much safer to reconcile an enemy than conquer him. Victory may deprive him of the power for the present, but reconciliation disarms his will.

No poulitice has ever been discovered that draws out a man's virtues so fully as the sod which covers his grave.

A fellow who was caught beating his wife, excused himself by saying—the treasure which we value most we hide.

Visit to Brown by an Old Neighbor.

The Erie (Penn.) True American publishes a long narrative of the visit of Mr. M. B. Lowry, of that place, to John Brown.—Mr. Lowry says:

"I felt that it was due to the old man, and to my old friendship for him, to visit him in his prison, and bear to him the salutations of his old neighbors in North-western Pennsylvania. I have just returned—having seen the misguided but honest old man, and brought a message from him. It is this—given to me as the door was closing between us: "Say to those without, I am cheerful."

I obtained, before leaving, a letter from the Adjutant General of our State, and was well armed, in addition, with letters to Gov. Wise, Senator Mason, Andrew Hunter, Col. Washington and others, from friends in Philadelphia and Baltimore. I was informed for the first time when I reached Philadelphia that all Northerners who had been indentified as friends of Brown had been warned from the State, and that the country about Charlestown was under martial law, and I was strongly warned not to venture any further on my journey.

Mr. Brown did not, at first, recognize me, but on my giving my name, greeted me cordially and gratefully. He said there were many whom he had hoped to see, whom he had not seen, but he had not expected to see any of his old Crawford county friends. He alluded to Crawford as being very dear to him, as its soil was hallowed as the resting place of his former wife and two beloved children, and the sight of any one from that region was most cheering. I cannot pretend to give his language—it was the natural expression of a deep and impassioned nature, and as eloquent as words could be uttered.

I remarked to Mr. Brown that there had been a different version given to his Kansas exploits by the Herald of Freedom from that which his friends gave, and ventured the opinion that his reputation demanded an explanation. He replied that he understood my allusion, but that I was mistaken in supposing that it needed any refutation from him. "Time and the honest verdict of posterity," said he, "will approve of every act of mine to prevent slavery from being established in Kansas. I never shed the blood of a fellow-man except in self-defense or in promotion of a righteous cause." He spoke in indignant terms of the editor of the Herald of Freedom, characterizing him as "selfish, unjust, revengeful, mercenary, untruthful and corrupt." I remarked that I regretted to hear him speak of G. W. Brown in such terms, as he was an old acquaintance of mine, and had been trusted and respected. His answer was—"Mr. Lowry, you are mistaken if you suppose that anything that George Washington Brown could say can tarnish the character of John Brown." During our conversation, the martial music (where Gov. Wise was reviewing his army near the prison,) made a great noise, and thinking it must annoy him I asked him if it did not?—"No," said the man, "it is inspiring."

And here, as I parted with him, telling him I would see him again, if possible, he repeated to me—"Tell those without that I am cheerful." My time was up and I was invited to leave."

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's or Holland's "Preachings upon Popular Proverbs," which the Springfield (Mass.) Republican is now giving to the world:

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard the message and displays no signal. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.

Union is not always strength, as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "an opportunity."

Apologies of earthquakes—One touch of Nature makes the whole world kick.